

Xmas • Handkerchiefs.

Holiday Dreams Soon to be Fulfilled.

This store has proved its advantages as a shopping place for Holiday Gifts. What you find in the various departments here, too, is priced on the close margin plan.

Today we call your special attention to our display of **Handkerchiefs, Fans, Tray Cloths, Scarfs, Cushions, Cushion Covers and Table Cloths.** We will keep adding the good things that we have put away for the holiday trade until they are all displayed.

SPECIALS IN HANDKERCHIEFS.

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| Pure Linen Hemstitched | 10c |
| Initial Corner " | 8 1-3c |
| Sheer Linen Embroidered | 25c |

We carry a beautiful assortment of Handkerchiefs up to 200 each.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS.

The Original Cole's Air Tight Heaters.



Our Stove is made in three different grades—the Dome top line, the Cast top line and the Sheet top line. Each of these styles have special features, which will enable us to meet all the requirements of the trade. All are fitted with double seamed sheet metal base, which makes the Stove absolutely Air Tight. You will make no mistake in buying the original Cole's Air Tight Heater.

MAIER & BENTON

Distributors for THE DALLES.

"DAISY"
AIR
GUNS

75c

"DAISY"
AIR
GUNS

MAYS & CROWE.

REMEMBER

We have strictly First-Class

Fir, Oak and Maple Wood.

To be sold at the Lowest Market Rates.

Phone 25.

J. T. Peters & Co.

The Postoffice Pharmacy,

CLARKE & FALK, Proprietors.

Pure Drugs and Medicines.

Toilet Articles and Perfumery,

Finest Line of Imported and Domestic Cigars.

Telephone, 333.

New Vogt Block.

If you need an Organ,

Call and see our KIMBALLS.

\$40.00 Cash

Will buy one of these Organs at

Jacobsen Book & Music Co.

Leading Eastern Oregon Music House.

New Vogt Block.

The Dalles, Oregon.

PIONEER BAKERY.

I have re-opened this well-known Bakery, and am now prepared to supply everybody with Bread, Pies and Cakes. Also all kinds of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

GEORGE RUCH, Pioneer Grocer

Closing Out Sale

—OF—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

PRINZ & NITSCHKE

Are going to close out their business, and they are offering their large stock at COST PRICES. Now is the time to buy good Furniture cheap. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle their account.

M. Z. DONNELL, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY.

Opp. A. M. Williams & Co.,

THE DALLES, OR

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

WEDNESDAY - DECEMBER 8, 1897

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

McEwen tonight at the Vogt. Tonight and tomorrow, rain and cooler.

Men are employed on Second street today gathering up the dirt and mud, which will be hauled away with teams.

Marriage license was issued this morning to William A. Crawford of Goldendale, and Mrs. Virginia Crooks of this county.

One vagrant appeared before the city recorder this morning, and was sent back to jail where he will remain until this evening, when he will be released.

Cedar Circle, W. O. W., will give a public social at their hall on Friday evening, December 10th. A good program will be rendered, followed by dancing. Admission 10c and 15c.

The way Prof. McEwen's class picked imaginary strawberries on the stage and peddled them among the audience last night, sold peanuts, laughed, cried, and went through a number of other maneuvers was highly amusing.

Robert Thompson, son of the late H. S. Thompson, was thrown from a horse this morning and had one of the bones broken at the point of the right shoulder. Dr. Eshelman was called to attend him, and he is getting along nicely.

Yesterday morning a slide occurred near Bonneville which delayed the 5-15 train about four hours. We understand that it occurred at what is known as the sliding mountain, which has always given the company a great deal of trouble.

A committee has been appointed by the Red Men to make arrangements for a grand ball to be given New Year eve. Arrangements have not yet been completed, but the committee are doing all in their power to have a enjoyable party and there is no doubt that success will crown their efforts.

Since the ladies were not allowed to attend the club last night, a large number took advantage of this morning being ladies' day, and enjoyed a few hours bowling and other pastimes, which no place but the club rooms afford. They did not succeed, however, in breaking the record or making any phenomenal scores.

No clue as yet has been discovered to the persons who burglarized Maatz & Pundt's saloon Monday night, and under the circumstances it is impossible for the officers to do anything. There seems to be a set of smooth thieves in the city at present who are committing robberies right along, and it is to be deplored that the officers cannot lay their hands on them.

A full house awaited the opening of Prof. McEwen's entertainment last night. A number of professional and

business men were called on the stage, and after proving beyond reasonable doubt that the man who was in Liebe's window yesterday was asleep, he woke him. The sleeper complained of no discomfort, but said he felt fine. The professor then allowed himself to be blindfolded and had some of the gentlemen borrow articles from members of the audience and conceal them. He would then take hold of the man's hand, go into the audience with his eyes bandaged and find the articles, returning them to the owners. A number of other difficult tricks of this nature were performed, after which he called a class together and gave funny and interesting exhibitions of his mesmeric and hypnotic power.

GREENHORN VAPORINGS.

He Tells How Sunday Is Spent; Also About Numerous Other Things.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," or words to that effect, was written so many years ago that the memory of Susan B. Anthony and others of the oldest inhabitants run not to the recollection thereof. It applies to this neck of the woods on the western boundary of Baker county, and called (heaven only knows why) the Greenhorn. We do not keep it wholly, but only in part. In the language of the Thanksgiving proclamations, we "abstain from our usual vocations"—and do something else. For instance, there are five of us Greenhorns, or Greenhorners, in this cabin. One has shed his clothes, or part of them, and is engaged in washing them, for Greenhorners are not of prolific wardrobe. Another is pounding rock in a mortar, vainly looking for colors. A third is shaving—the Sybarite. A fourth is down in the little mill making shakes, and the other is penning (with a pencil) these few lines to let you know that he is well, and to venture the modest, but heartfelt hope, that "you are enjoying the same blessing." So goes the Sabbath up this way.

Last night about six inches of snow fell on top of other six inches already covering the ground. It came down as silent and still as a Quaker meeting; no bluster, no blow, no noise, and this morning the gray fog hangs over the hills and throats its ghostly lances through the fir tree tops as though it would destroy them. The tall tamaracks, with their twiglets of limbs making a delicate tracery against the gray skies, lift their minaret-like and graceful boles up, apparently to the very heavens. There is something almost oppressive in the silence of a forest when the deep snow lies through and under and upon it. It is the silence of the tomb, the stillness of a Democratic defeat, the holy, quiet calm of a Populist Waterloo. The little twittering birds that hang around all winter to twist a fellow on being a greenhorn, are as noisy as a twenty-stamp mill when they give vent to their feelings, and when they quit, the silence is doubly deepened. Occasionally breaking through the si-

lence comes from far up the canyon the faint sound of the busy stamps in the Don Juan quartz mill, a ten-stamper that grinds merrily night and day, week in and out, serving man and mammon, if nothing else.

Speaking of the Don Juan mine, or mill, reminds me that someone has been up this way with a taste for literature and a knowledge of the classics. It is shown in the names of the mining locations, and their name is legion, besides other things. On the very summit of old Greenhorn is a promising mine, appropriately named the Diadem. Near it is the Banzett, and scattered over the hills are hundreds of others, varying as to wealth, incongruous as to name. The Union lies next the Imperial; the White and Red Bulls are yoke fellows, while a gang of Polygamists from Utah have a group of claims named after the twelve Mormon apostles and the heads of the "stakes of Zion." They also have, so I am told, a Maecottess in the shape of a buxom girl, with a flowing sorrel mane, a white strip in her face and two white hind feet. I do not vouch for the truth of this, it being merely hearsay. I do know, though that Psyche, she who, with trembling hand, spilled the hot oil from her lamp upon poor Cupid, and was transformed into a butterfly; she, poor unsuspecting maid, is lying alongside of the naughty Don Juan. But this started out for a sermon, and I fear I am losing sight of the text and treading closely on worldly things. Far be it from me.

Until a day or two ago the weather here has been beautiful. The skies were as blue as a "sweetheart's" eyes, the air warm, balmy, soft, breathing of spring and sweet with the odor of cedar and pine. Just such weather as in the spring time turns the young man's fancy into love.

Writing these lines this peaceful Sunday I do not feel at all above my old Dalles friends, though at an altitude of 6000 feet. I know I am a mile nearer heaven than they, but still I realize that I am a long ways from the goal. So short a distance on the journey, indeed, that I would willingly be back and start even in the race. It is a nice place here for one who loves solitude, and to commune with Dame Nature. A beautiful winter resort for an anchorite, of which I am not whom. I must confess to a liking for the giddy whirl of life in The Dalles, and if I could, by an effort of the imagination, or the collar of my pants, or any little thing like that, lift myself through space, I know where I would be at this writing and whom I should be talking to; but a-las it can't be done, and so I make this simple statement that she may know; but which she deponent sayeth not. An anchorite indeed am I; such an one as Butler described when he spoke of a pretty girl who, "like an anchorite, gives over, this world for the heaven of a lover." Dame Nature is too old to maeb, and Mother Earth just now too cold. Well, I have written more, and less,

than I intended, and more certainly than you will care to criticize, or the readers of THE CHRONICLE to peruse. However, I shall, perhaps, not soon again inflict the good old papers's patrons with the idle vaporings of GREENHORN.

Commercial Club Election.

In the election of a board of directors for The Dalles Commercial and Athletic Club last night, all the members of the old board were re-elected, the votes being as follows: W. L. Bradehaw 50; G. C. Blakeley 55; H. M. Beall 60; J. F. Hampshire 57; W. H. Wilson 52; E. C. Pease 46; R. B. Sinnott 44.

The members of the club showed excellent judgment in re-electing this board, as they have done as much for the advancement of the club as could possibly be done. They have been untiring in their efforts to make it what it is, and no better proof of their success could be desired than the present flourishing condition of that organization. We have no doubt that under their wise management in future the club will continue to advance as it has during the past two years.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received by the county court for keeping the county charges by the week for the ensuing year. All bids must be filed with the clerk on or before the 5th day of January, 1898, at 9 o'clock a. m. Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. A. M. KELSAY, County Clerk.

MARRIED.

At the residence of J. M. Filloon of this city, on Tuesday, Dec. 7th, by Rev. W. C. Curtis, pastor of the Congregational church, William A. Crawford of Goldendale and Mrs. Virginia C. Crooks, The Dalles, Or.

Christmas Ideas.



There is more than artistic merit in our box papers for Christmas. They are beautiful and desirable, and have quality which makes them welcome gifts, and style which mark them above everything on the market. You get a better value and your friend gets a better gift.

I. C. NICKELSEN.